

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

A Tribute

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I AM writing this meditation in the room where Lincoln prayed. On this very spot where I write he came to kneel with a sainted minister to pour out the anguish of his soul to God amid the shadows of terrible days when there seemed no way out. But he knew that God would send light. It was from this room that Lincoln returned to the White House with new hope and heart. *The Room Where Lincoln Prayed.* If he had need of it who shall dare refuse its practice.

¶ How strange his life. No one ever went from a cradle so humble to a grave so illustrious. The Almighty takes pleasure in using the lowliest for the highest. The least promising are given names above all other names. Those who have accomplished most for mankind have been born in humblest homes. It was so with Lincoln. It was so with Moses—and Jesus. It will be so through the ages.

¶ No one was more bitterly opposed. Friends were traitors. He trod the wine press of wrath

and scorn. He knew what crosses were; but suffering sweetened him. It seemed as if he was born to suffer. Every feature of the man: the hollow eyes, the long sallow face, the thin chest, stooping shoulders, his long silent reveries—these showed him a man of sorrows, not of today or yesterday; but long treasured and deep riven, born of weariness and pain. He fell at the foot of the altar he had built and covered it with his own blood.

¶ You cannot explain Lincoln. He is beyond defining. He was not the product of his age, his home, his inheritance or his environment. He was God's man of destiny. He willed that birth. It is true. In times of crises the resources of men shrivel and the resources of God always unfold. Have heart. There is always a Lincoln for every crisis. God rules and all will be well.

¶ Lincoln is not dead. His soul goes marching on. In this new day with its new deliverances from injustice, tyranny, intollerance, and inhumanity, the Spirit of the Martyred Liberator still lives. Hallelujah! I bless God for Abraham Lincoln.

